



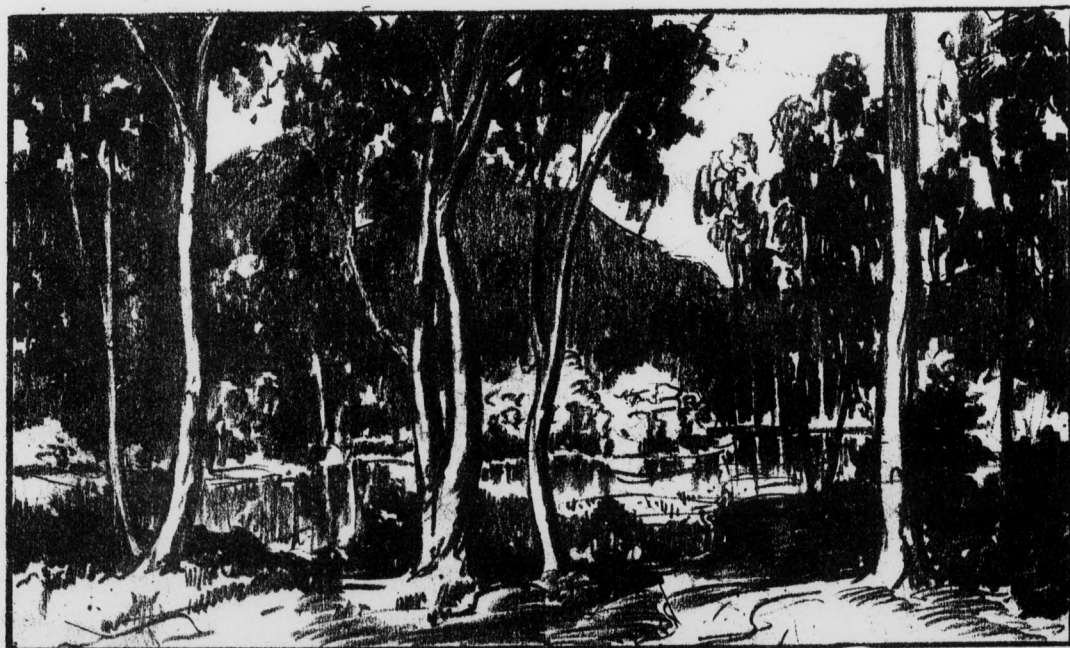


GEORGE MORGRIDGE  
PRINTING  
473 E. GREEN ST. PASADENA

J. A. GADD  
TREE SPRAYING & SURGERY  
CUSTER 5-3313 and 5-6238



TRY PLASTICARVE A NEW MATERIAL  
FOR SCULPTURE AND MODEL MAKING



SIERRA MADRE SAVINGS BANK

## HIGH LIGHTS

MAY 1946

Volume 7 Number 4

---

### C O N T E N T S

A WHITE MOON . . . . . Poem . . . . . Ruth Myers Colman . . . . .	2
PROCESSION . . . . .	2
horace . . . . . rapsody . . . . . the guild mouse . . . . .	4
ARIA DI CAPRI - VI . . . . . Edward Lloyd Voorhees . . . . .	5
ANNIVERSARY . . . . .	7
GUILD MEETINGS . . . . .	8
THE KIND EVIL GIANT (concluded) . . . . .	9

---

### ILLUSTRATIONS

The cover drawing and those of the advertisements are lithographs, the work of Alfred James Dewey. The lettering is the work of Elner M. Weese, commercial artist. The printing of the covers was done by George Morgridge at Pasadena, California.

---

### EDITORIAL BOARD

Leslie B. Wynne, Editor

Alfred J. Dewey, Art Editor

Dottie Burke, Advertising

Bernard Wynne, Art Asst.

Sally Dewey, Circulation

---

HIGH LIGHTS, from the foothills; issued monthly by Sierra Madre Arts Guild at the Old Brick Oven, 28 Windsor Lane, in Sierra Madre, California.



## A WHITE MOON

Ruth Myers Colman

A white moon -

Where is the burnished gold  
that spilled a pathway across the waves,  
reaching far, far  
into the realm of fantasy ...

A white moon -

Its luster steals frigidly  
from the horizon,  
finding the skeleton-spined boats  
idly tossing  
on the silver-tipped black water,  
silhouetting their stark masts  
against the moon's cold, white face.

---

## PROCESSION

From where they came or where they finally went,  
no one knows, but in a little the long highway that had  
been empty was lined with a procession of children, march-  
ing like pudgy ducks in single file. Before them, as a mon-  
itor or a guide, peering backward from time to time with  
grave admonitions, stalked a tall young woman like an at-  
tenuated crane, wary and anxious, considering flight.

"Why have you never come this way before?" asked  
the herdsman at the stile; but the children paid him no  
heed, merely crying aloud with joy as they gazed out over  
the broad meadows that stretched away to the horizon upon  
either hand, the grasses stippled and starred with yellow  
bloom so early of a spring morning, a chasing of gold over  
green.

"Let us now hurry along," said the monitor rather  
nervously; "we are only just started."

And when the noontide was upon them they were far  
up the slopes of the foothills, under the spreading shade  
of a dense forest, where, a sultry summer's day, there was  
a hush upon life, but where the waterfalls sang in the deep

gloom, the thunder chanted a rumble of echoes among the far-off peaks, and a freshening breeze stirred through the leaves, a ripple of sigh over song.

"Timber!" suddenly shouted the woodsman; and there was a terrific crash and a reverberation that fled fearfully from crag to upland crag. But the children only clapped their hands with delight and held their way, marching like pudgy ducks in single file.

"Let us hurry along," said the monitor, glancing timidly about; "this is no place to loiter."

And again, when the evening had come, they were far up in the mountain pass where, in autumn twilight, the frost lay in the hollows like pools of silver and where, on either hand, the road was flanked with vineyards and open orchards, fragrant with the odor of fruit, and over perfume the pungence of slow decay.

"Don't touch anything," called the gardener. "It is not yours." But he couldn't keep watch upon all of them all of the time, not with two eyes.

"Let us now hurry along," said the monitor as she fluttered about to gather her charges and to lead them all away; "we have so far to go."

And when the night had fallen, they were high up in an alpine meadow, snowbound in winter chill, where the gibbous moon hung over them in the heavens like a lopsided globule of honey congealed in an inverted black bowl, revealing the landscapes of an arctic world, frost, a bitter, stabbing frost, and over pain the passing of numbing sleep.

"It is so cold here," cried the children; "let us go back."

"You cannot go back," said the tollgate keeper; "this is a one-way road. Pass through: your toll is paid."

"Let us hurry along," said the monitor with evident apprehension; "there is nothing to gain in argument."

And the last seen of them, the children were disappearing into the purple vales beyond the mountains, still marching like pudgy ducks in single file, and their monitor still before them, stalking ahead like an attenuated crane, wary and anxious, considering flight.

L. B. W.

horace

the gullid mouse

hay rachel kum hear and here what it sez in2 the timz paper i sez thurzday it sez is the 8 birthday of this hear artists gild U dont no nuthin till U reed it in2 these papirs i sez. so what sez rachel what is this outfit ever dun for us anyway jest a few measily krums oncet a munth or so she sez spitefullike. wel i sez we allus got us a plais 2 live i sez ahobanobbin with the upper krust. Iffen U ast me she sez its litel of ether krust they leve us as they R the tytest bunch of krusters this syde of the rokie. U mus ta got outen the rong syde of the nest this mornin i sez! witch syde i gotten outen she sez is mi bizness so giv me a cigaret. nobody never leve no cigerets around this hear joint no more she sez aksentin on2 the negativities so as i sez i suppoz its ure intenshun for 2 rekline on2 ure chaste lownge and bloe wrings at the same old kobweb as what aint bin took down for 6 munths i sez. iffen anybody so mutch as distirbs won litel kob in2 that web sez rachel i wil skreem she sez and leve this hear plais for 2 go home 2 mamma she sez? as i want mi hous for 2 look informal like sumbody nor uther lives in it. wel mi deer i sez mutch as i hate for 2 B leenin 2 the morbid syde at a tim whenas its the 8 Annie Virsirie of ouer antree in2 the elleet i sez i must tell U withouten revokashun as how ure mamma past away in2 1936. i gess as how U dun disremember that i sez.

o wel sez rachel jumpin down from offen the chaste lownge in2 a nuther paragraf; ile go sum plas she kontiners a long wais a way from the intriquicies of art where iffen i ever sees a noil paintin agin ile bust it in2 pieces she sez. mi deer i sez shokitlike. and whats more of it she sez 2 me why dont U git hep 2 ure own self she kontiners and C as 2 what they dun 2 U she sez. Me i hollers sirprisedlike, what hav they dun 2 me i ast? wy sez rachel thay jest dun U dirt thatz awl in the 1st plais and thay kepit on a dewin U dirt in2 the 2nd plais ever sinse. yes i sez and what thay dun is beyond me i sez\* every thing is beyond U sez rachel as ure memiry stoppit whenas U were borned B that as it may she addid. Now lissen mi deer i sez far B it frum me for 2 pick up the strings off the past, as i wuz jest in2 a mood 4 2 selebrait the advent of anuther ara with the arts i sez sew what hav the artists gild dun 4 2 dissosheate me of the better things of life i ast? U dont no sez rachel U dope U 4 4 instants thay totaly ignoared U 4 8 yeers whilas U sat up with the sardinik smirk on2 ure puss (face) so as U hav now groan 2 old 2 kompose ure feetchers. I never i sed had no sardeenik smirk on2 mi puss (face)- wel then sez rachel why didnt sum artist dew ure puss (face) in2 noils? ure jest a lost elemint in the multitood and thats dirt she sez.



## ARIA DI CAPRI - VI

Edward Lloyd Voorhees

## Capri Eccentrics

Its fantastic and dramatic physical beauty and the fact that it is an island easily reached from Italy's largest seaport and second largest city, Naples, has made Capri a kind of mecca for the rich, the famous, and the lover of beauty, from all over the world. It is a bit difficult to realize that this flow of travelers to a tiny island of less than eight square miles has been going on almost continuously for nineteen hundred years, but such is the fact. It is therefore no wonder that through the centuries and on down to the present the natives of Capri have grown accustomed to seeing in their midst eccentrics, great and small, and have come to accept with a certain philosophic detachment and tolerance - though never without gossip - these persons whose observed behavior varies radically from the norm.

Volumes have been written, and more volumes will be written, about characters in Capri who were eccentric on the grand scale, such books as Norman Douglas's "South Wind," Compton Mackenzie's "Vestal Fire" and "Extraordinary Women," and Dr. Edwin Cerio's "Aria di Capri" (That Capri Air). I am confident that any reader of these three books will agree that it would be next to impossible to find any other locality of equal area on this planet where so many and so varied and fantastic goings-on are offered for the observant student of human behavior. The present sketch is, however, intended only to depict in outline three or four of the unheralded and unpublished personalities of distinctive behavior with whom I came into more or less personal contact between the years 1929 and 1937 - all of them likable as well as interesting characters.

Pastorella was said to be a native of Boston, an assertion which was borne out by her discreet behavior in public places and her broad a's in speech. Although she had lived in Capri for fifteen years nobody knew her real name, her pastoral name having been self-imposed upon her arrival for indeed there was something of the antique shepherdess about her appearance, her habitual costume consisting of a simple print tunic extending modestly below the knees, her bare feet in Capri rope-soled canvas sneakers, and her eyes of undiscoverable age always well shaded by the same soft straw hat with a peaked crown and a broad brim from beneath which she could see everything and everybody. One saw her

everywhere on the Island, carrying her inevitable Capri carry-all bag of brightly striped twill; and she was almost invariably alone, at no matter what hour of the day or the night one chanced to meet her. It was said that she always carried about with her a flask of Strega, that delectable and bewitching golden liqueur of Sicily, whose name means "a witch" and whose effect is sometimes magical. I know that Pastorella could be witty and amusing in conversation, and racily anecdotal in a perfectly ladylike way. She appeared to live on practically nothing, and so honest and trusted was she that various owners of villas in Capri had been glad to invite her to occupy their houses for months at a time when they were absent from the Island.

Lake was the slight, Saxon-blond Englishman with china-blue eyes whose intelligent but tragic and calmly hopeless face was almost invariably the first one I always saw at the Trattoria Savoia, for he sat at the first table and faced the entrance. He was always in blue dungarees and a blue, wide open shirt; and on the blue and white checked tablecloth there was never any food, but always a decanter of white wine and his glass. Obviously a person of breeding, his face and body showed extreme emaciation. I never saw him talk to anyone and I never saw him drunk. The story was that Lake was the son of an aristocratic English family who remitted him an allowance of five pounds a month to keep him fixed in Capri, and that his dipsomania had long reached the stage where he could no longer digest more than a morsel of food. Although we never spoke, he always looked up and smiled, with a slight inclination of his head, as I passed his table and returned his salute. He seemed a very quiet and inoffensive person; but one morning a friend told me that the night before, in front of the international crowd at the Cafe Tiberio, Lake had been offended in some unspecified manner by an English opera singer at his table, whereupon he had risen up, twisted his fellow countryman's nose with appalling vigor, called him a brace of vile names and had then stalked off into the darkness.

One year I spent an hour at the beach now and then in conversation with an Australian who was a veteran of World War I, a brilliant conversationalist, a former writer for the London reviews, and presently, I think he said, writing his reminiscences. He was a confirmed egoist, proud of his face and figure - he confided to me that before the war he had been considered the handsomest young man in his part of Australia - and he was indeed a superb diver and swimmer. But he was very unhappy, depressed, and introspective - an after-effect of his war experiences, he believed.



He told me he was married to a British novelist - her name and her books are internationally famous - and others told me that she supplied him with a liberal allowance to remain at such distance that his ego would not clash with hers. He liked to contemplate suicide by interesting methods, including a high and perfect dive from which he should never come up. But before I left the Island he had found a temporary mistress whose interest in himself enchanted him out of himself.

I had often heard of the Cat Woman, and one day a friend and I while walking on a steep and rocky path met her, patiently and laboriously trudging along in the sun, and we stopped to talk. She revealed her identity by saying that she had been collecting scraps from the restaurants for her cats. It was a quite sizable bulk in her Capri bag, and we asked her how many cats had she. Only thirty, at present, she said; it was very hard to get enough food for them all, and it was hard to keep them protected from the dogs, for wire netting was scarce and people had not much to give away, and it was seldom she could spare the money to buy any. And the cats were always getting out - and that was fatal. "The Italian peasants," said this plain and patient Russian woman, "were not kind to animals, and someone must take care of the poor cats, for God made them." This had been the poor woman's mission for thirty years!

---

#### ANNIVERSARY

We have been reminded that this May meeting of the Sierra Madre Arts Guild marks the eighth anniversary of the organization. It is quite true that it does. It was about May 3, 1938, when the organization was founded. We had not thought about this, however, nor remembered, until we read something about it in the papers. And there was the picture of Alfred Dewey, the art editor of High Lights, peering out at us from the columns, wistfully and accusingly, as though to say, "I didn't do it."

Yes, the Guild is eight years old this month, and the High Lights is in its seventh year, having arrived at the very respectable age of six, which is three times the average life of small magazines and is, therefore, something to boast about. But still and all, anniversaries mean that we are growing old; and we just won't talk about that.

### GUILD MEETINGS

The main feature of the Guild meeting for May, to be held at the usual place on Friday evening, May 10, at 8:30 p.m., will be a piano recital by the fifteen-year-old pianist, Miss Barbara Bowman, highly gifted pupil of Mrs. George Morgridge of Sierra Madre. Miss Bowman will play a series of groups of numbers from Schubert, Chopin and Beethoven. This young artist has already appeared as a pianist on several occasions in Sierra Madre and elsewhere.

In addition to the musical program, Mrs. Alice A. Floyd of Sierra Madre, former drama recitalist, is to give a number of readings in dialect.

Last month, Mr. John Weatherwax of Hollywood gave the members of the Guild a treat in the way of a showing of a motion picture film, a cutting from a series of films produced by Frank Capra in New York, depicting something of the history of Russia. Everyone present agrees that this excellent film, while so very tragic, is highly interesting and educational, something that everyone should see. We thank Mr. Weatherwax for making it possible for us to view this film.

Due to the present food shortage and the current drive now going on to conserve food to be sent to the hungry people of Europe and Asia, it has been decided to discontinue, for a time at least, the serving of any refreshments at the Guild meetings as has been the custom. We can all do very nicely without these knickknacks, and we won't go hungry in all likelihood. The contemplated drive, too, by the members of the Guild to gather in canned food to be sent abroad, has been abandoned. The Government does not want our surplus canned food; it wants our money for this purpose. Everyone is going to be asked to give. The Guild can and should make a good showing.

---

### OBTAINING HIGH LIGHTS

Frequently we receive letters from non-members in request of information as to how they may obtain a copy of the High Lights. The magazine is non-profit, without copyright, and is not for sale. We are sorry, but the only way to obtain copies is by joining the Guild.

## THE KIND EVIL GIANT (concluded)

As soon as the giant caught sight of his visitor, he stopped and stared, because he really wasn't used to seeing many early morning callers, and he couldn't believe his own eyes. He began to wiggle his ears and to sniff at the air with his round pudgy nose like an Airedale dog, while his long thin whiskers stuck out in stiff bunches all around his mouth.

The poor man was so scared that he didn't know what to do. He was finally able to put on a civil face, however, and to speak up in a low weak voice as well as he could, "Good morning, sir."

"Hum!" grunted the giant. "What's so good about it?"

"Why," mumbled the man, very much taken aback. "Now that you ask, sir, I don't know that I know, myself. But don't you think, for instance, that the view is rather fine from away up here?"

"Pshaw!" snorted the evil giant.

"Yes, sir; I guess you're right, sir." The poor man was so put out he didn't know what else to say.

"And now, Mr. What's-your-name," asked the giant, "be you come for breakfast?"

"Why, to tell you the truth," the man replied; "I was rather hoping that Mr. Nua would have me, sir, though I wouldn't have asked him."

"Good!" yelled the giant. "I'm glad to see you so ready and willin'." And he grinned a most horrid kind of a grin, opening wide his big flabby lips until all of his long yellow teeth were sticking out of his mouth at all kinds of queer angles, looking as though they were tired of his company and were trying hard to get away. "I guess as how you'll do," he added, "though you ain't so fat as I likes."

"What's that?" cried the man. He was so thoroughly horror-struck that he couldn't believe a word.

"I say," the giant roared in a voice like thunder; "I guess as how you'll do for my breakfast. Come here till I gets a closer look."



It was a very good thing for the poor mailman just then that there were so many boulders and trees all about. "Help! Mr. Nua! Help!" he screamed as he dodged from one tree to another, while the giant was skinning his knuckles and bumping his shins on the boulders trying to head him off. "Mr. Nua, open the door, won't you, please, and let me in. Oh, Mr. Chaup Nua!"

"why be you keepin' acallin' me?" asked the giant. "Here I be. Can't you even see me at all? I'm atryin' to get to you fast as I kin."

"What? Are you Mr. Chaup Nua?" And, as he asked the question, the man seemed to be struck quite stupid at the very idea of it.

"Why, yes; I always was," said the giant.

"Well, then, for goodness sakes!" the man blurted out; "wait a minute, will you? If you're Mr. Nua, I have a letter here for you, special delivery."

"A letter? A letter for me?" It was the giant's turn to stand and look stupid now, for he had never gotten a letter before in all his life. "Well, why don't you say so in the first place. Gimme it here, then, if you got it."

"If you don't mind," begged the man, "just let me toss it to you." He thought, by that time, that it was well to be cautious.

"Well, well, now," gabbled the giant; "I really wa'n't alookin' for no letter today. And so you be the new postman, be you? My mail is agettin' so heavy all onto a suddint I guess I gotta git me one on them new-fangled mail boxes I hearn tell about. But, how do you open this pesky thing? Ain't it just my luck, now, not to got a paper-knife with me? You ain't ahappenin' to got one, now, be you?"

"No, I haven't," the man replied. "Why don't you just tear it open? That's the way I always do."

"Why, I kin do that, cain't I?" said the giant in some surprise. "It's so simple, I never thought of it. You see, I giner'ly leave simple things for simple minds." And grasping the letter firmly with both his hands, he tore it straight through the middle, contents and all, instead of merely opening the envelope as any sensible person would. And then, dropping one half of the letter to the ground, he fished the other half out of the rest of the envelope; and this is what he read:-

Mr. Chaup Nua,  
Tauquitz Mountain.

Dear Sir:

We now  
aim one and all to  
let you know that we  
have worried and lost  
all, that we intend to  
and have now completely  
stood quite all this con  
founded, stupid, old mean  
ness, sir, that we are a  
going to. And so if you  
come back a real, just  
ice waits for you for  
hear and know how we  
stand ready to turn  
night into the day  
and forever after  
outshine the sun.

"Oh, wow!" he screamed. "Somebody has sent me a unanimous letter, and it says as how they're agoin' to turn night into day. This is terrible. It'll be the death of me. Oh! Oh! Oh!" And letting out a screech heard clear across the Colorado Desert, he crashed through the door of the cave, lock and all, and threw himself down on the floor where he began to pound away so furiously that the earthquake he started that morning jarred all the lovely rock pictures in the Painted Canyon out of plumb.

His grandmother jumped out of bed and came running to see what was the matter. "Why ain't you in bed?" she asked.

"I ain't sleepy, ma'am," he answered; "honestly I ain't."

"Be you sick?" she then wanted to know.

"Yes, ma'am; I guess so. I ain't so good."

"Land sakes!" she cried; "you never was, so that's nothin' new. But what's the matter of you?"

"What day's today, ma'am?" he asked.

"Why, I'll see," she said. And pulling her specta-

cles down from off the top of her head, she peered at the calendar. "Well, I declare, if it ain't the first day of April."

"It would be," he said. "Is New Year's a comin' or agone?"

"Why, it's agone, just three months to the day."

"Too bad," he groaned. "I was just agoin' to make me a new plan for to quit astudyin' my astronolomygy."

"Why, you poor child!" cried his grandmother with all the sympathy in the world. "So that's what's the matter of you, ain't it? I just know as how you been astudyin' too hard. You gotta give up all these agoin's out of nights."

"I guess you're right about that, ma'am, because as there ain't agoin' to be no more nights. It'll be the death of me, too. Oh! Oh! Oh!"

"I know just what you're aneedin'," she said; "and that's a good long vacation; and I'm agoin' to see as how you git it, too."

"Pshaw!" snorted the evil giant; "pshaw!"

After that, their voices quieted down, and there wasn't another sound to be heard from inside the cave but a faint mutter and mumble. Pretty soon, the man plucked up enough courage to creep up to the open door and peek in. There, away back in the cave, all tucked up in his bed, lay the evil giant; and his grandmother was telling him a bedtime story. "And now," she said as she finished, "you're aneedin' a good rest. I want as how you should promise me as you'll go right off for a real long sleep."

"Yes, ma'am," he answered her in a dreamy, drawly voice; "yes, ma'am, I will."

And, bless you, if he didn't keep his word. He rolled right over upon his side and went straight off to sleep, and from that far-off day unto this he has never waked up. And, certainly, when you consider what a dreadful thing he was when he was awake, he's a very, very kind evil giant to stay asleep, don't you think?

L. B. W.





BYRON HOPPER  
JEWELRY • WATCHES  
OPPOSITE P. E. STATION

HAWKS  
SCREW PRODUCTS



WISTARIA CLEANERS  
47 W. SIERRA MADRE BLVD. CUSTER 5-3339

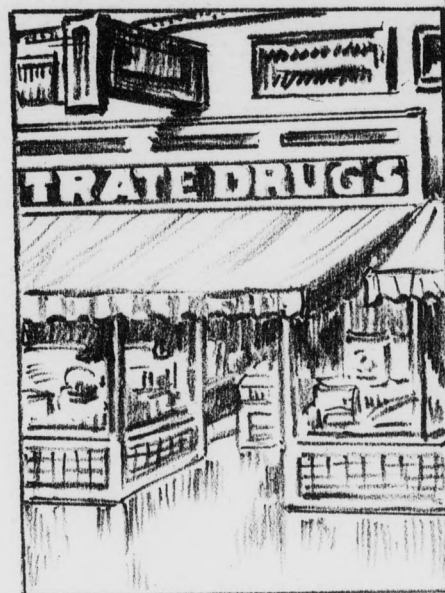


ROBERTS' MARKET • FINE FOOD PRODUCTS

Sierra Madre Public Library  
City.



**CLUB SIXTY**  
GOOD FOOD • FINE DRINKS  
60 W. SIERRA MADRE BLVD.



**ROYAL DRUG STORE**  
PRESCRIPTIONS • COSMETICS  
17 KERSTING COURT



**HAPPY'S**  
FINE LIQUORS  
12 W. SIERRA MADRE BLVD.



**GRANT CHAPEL**  
HARRY A. LANGE